

FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING

A. H. LICHTY

At Winona last summer during National Conference, Brother Darling in an address said, "If you have any flowers to contribute to a person, give them to the person while he lives rather than wait until after death and strew the flowers on the coffin." The statement contains a truth which will cause much happiness if the thought is carried out in our lives. A couple summers ago I was very forcibly impressed with the thought that we as a church are very negligent along this line. You all remember the Sunday school lesson notes which Brother Gillin took time and trouble to prepare for the EVANGELIST every week. After carrying this work for some time, he concluded that the notes were not very much appreciated and wrote to Brother Gnagey that he had concluded to drop the work after a certain date. Brother Gnagey wrote him to not do so because they were appreciated and helpful. He said further that recently he had a letter from a good sister telling him (Brother Gnagey) how much she appreciated the S. S. lesson notes by Brother Gillin. This was the first Brother Gillin knew of it. He felt a new inspiration and continued his notes for some time.

There are four particular examples I wish to bring to your mind along this line and these examples may serve as reminders of many other persons.

Brother Tombaugh spent both time and money in traveling to a foreign land. He is furnishing all EVANGELIST reader a rare treat that is both entertaining and instructive. This costs Brother Tombaugh much time and labor. We readers enjoy the treat immensely. Do we think to stop a moment and thank Brother Tombaugh for the good things that come from his pen? Have you written him just a word, telling him how much pleasure you enjoy reading his "Trip to Europe"?

The second example is Brother Gillin in New York City. I am sure every reader looks eagerly for and reads carefully the "New York City Notes" by Brother Gillin. These notes contain many, many pointed practical lessons along with a great lot of information and entertainment. Have you told him a word of how you are benefitted by his articles. Have you taken time to drop him just a card and thank him for what you have enjoyed from his labors? Why not?

Another example is our dear Brother Jacob Cassel. Every one in the church surely appreciates his services as financier in most transactions in which the church is interested as well as standing at the head of Missionary work in the church. He has rendered many important and invaluable services to the church from time to time which you have greatly appreciated, yet did you tell him so? Did you really stop a moment and tell him how much you appreciate his services? Why?

The fourth example is our editor, Brother Gnagey. He renders us good service daily. Many people think to thank him briefly as you see in personal mention from time to time—and in many cases these are the only articles some people write. But did you ever write him a letter of thanks, just for himself alone and request him to not publish it—that the words are for him and his personal benefit alone? Why?

These are *small* tributes. They cost us little. No one knows what burdens we might lighten for these brethren, with just a few words, warm from our heart to their heart. And what is true of these brethren is also true of many men and women in the church and elsewhere. Let us not be sparing with our flowers while these people live. Wake up friends. When you hear or read or see a good thing, let the giver know it. It will warm two hearts. Yours for telling it and his for receiving it. May we be more mindful of favors and good things we receive from others.

TRIP TO EUROPE—NO. 6

J. M. TOMBAUGH

From Aberfoyle we went by train to Stirling. The mist, which had threatened to dampen our ardor earlier in the day, and which had tried, ineffectually, to hide from our view the rugged beauty of Ben Lomond and all the rest of the Ben brotherhood, began at last to come down in a dispirited kind of drizzle. The conditions were not ideal for sightseeing. A cheerless, chilly drizzle with the peculiarly penetrating power which the wet seems to possess in all mountainous countries, might have discouraged less enthusiastic tourists. We however were not easily discouraged, and in spite of the rain we began at once to climb the steep street which leads to the one great, commanding object in all the Valley of the Forth—grand old Stirling Castle. To describe it adequately is impossible; for tho one might tell of its turrets and towers and its impregnable walls, and speak of gloomy dungeon and lofty rampart and ponderous portcullis, the reader would get no just conception of the stern grandeur of this magnificent old mass of masonry.

It is richer in historic association than any other spot in Scotland. A thousand thrilling memories, dear not only to loyal Scottish hearts, but to liberty-loving people all over the world, are inseparately connected with Stirling. I think there are no people in the world who have a history of which they may so well be proud, as the Scotch people. I know it is largely a history of conflict and carnage, but the Scotch were seldom the aggressors, and the causes which led them to battle—civil and religious liberty—are among the noblest for which men can strive. And in all this glorious record of the past, there are few pages on which Stirling and its castle do not hold a prominent place. At the foot of the rock

Wallace and his sturdy highlanders won the battle of Stirling Bridge, when the Scotch nobles, and even Bruce himself, had weakly surrendered to the English. A little farther away, but in sight of the castle, is Falkirk, where Wallace again tried conclusions with the army of Edward. The old guide who seemed to have the history of Scotland for a thousand years at his tongue's end, pointed out these places to us, as well as other battle fields which can be seen from the tower, but he reserved his enthusiasm till he began to describe the "Glorious Field of Bannockburn," where Robert Bruce, at the head of thirty thousand Scots, won a complete victory over Edward's army of a hundred thousand English. The old man's pride in the victory did not seem to be in any degree lessened by the fact that all this happened six hundred years ago. "The Bruce," as he called Robert Bruce, was his ideal hero; and tho he had much to say in praise of Wallace, when he pointed out to us the noble monument erected on Abbey Craig to his memory, yet his story was like the Israelitish women's song of Saul and David; Wallace had slain his thousands, but Bruce his ten thousands. A fine statue of Bruce stands near the entrance to the Castle; it faces to the south as tho the old hero were still looking at the field where he gained so much of his military renown. On the pedestal is the date of the battle—June 24, 1314.

Stirling Castle was for a long time the residence of Scottish kings, and it was especially the favorite home of the Stuart line. We were shown a little peep hole in the castle wall, which Queen Mary is said to have been in the habit of looking thru. The wall is at the very brink of a precipice several hundred feet high, and overlooks the king's park—a place where royalty used to amuse itself in witnessing, and even in participating in, games and tournaments in "the good old time." The aperture in the wall is still called the Queen Mary Look out. I looked thru and saw—not knights in armor on rushing chargers, with polished shields and spears—but a beautiful plain, peaceful and still, with farm houses and cultivated fields; and farther away, indistinctive in the distance, the hazy blue of the heather clad highlands. In the tower we were shown the room, scarcely more than a closet, where one of the kings of Scotland—James II I think—stabbed to death the earl of Douglas in the year 1452. The body of the murdered earl was thrown out of the window into the court below. In reading the account of it in history, one gets the idea that the body was flung down from a great height; the distance in reality is scarcely more than fifteen feet I think. A little distance outside the walls is Heading Hill—a misnomer certainly, for the hill is famous, or infamous rather, for the beheadings which took place there. A stone still marks the spot where the earl of Lennox lost his head as a mark of the royal disfavor.

The castle wall is the best point from which to view the windings of the river; and